UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1911. NUMBER 10.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters;

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Meadville, Winnetka, Janesville, Chicago, Hillside and Tower Hill,—these are the geographical landmarks that measure the long career of her to whose memory this issue of UNITY is dedicated. Seventy-nine strenuous years, forty-one of which were those of a minister's wife in the midst of the perplexities and opportunities of an active parish and its collateral interests. This long career of service, not the short month of acute pain in the Madison Hospital, furnishes the large items in this life-equation. It is well that our private griefs should not spread far. Tears are for the closet, smiles for the fireside, the altar and the street, for only in this way can the just balance be established. The testimony of some of those who know of her work and who shared with her the strain and the inspirations thereof, is set forth in these columns, but of her as of all toilers, the statistical footings are inadequate counters. The wealth of memory outreaches the most generous of phrases, and the slow deposits that form the stratification of human lives are in the main embedded below the farthest reaches of memory's plummet. She lived and worked in an economic universe where no wastage is permitted. The mighty conservation of nature takes care of the atoms. The petty units in the realm of spirit, as in matter, rest not in "the things that are seen for they are temporal, but in the things that are not seen for they are eternal." We take up the life tasks that remain for us. They ought to grow less and less burdensome, for the investments already made should bring in their annual increase of interest. May these accumulations be made more clear in the accounting of sorrow, may the tears wash the eyes so that they may see more clearly the near duties and the growing glories on the western horizon.

Memorial Exercises for Susan Charlotte Lloyd Jones

HELD AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, Nov. 5, 1911—3:30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary.

Mr. A. L. Penhallow, President of All Souls Church, Chairman.

We are gathered here this afternoon to pay a tribute of respect and love to a dear friend, who has left us for a season; to revive the memory of that friend through the words of those who have known her long, and who have loved and esteemed her highly. I will ask the Rev. William Chalmers Covert, pastor of the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church, to read the Scripture and deliver a prayer.

Rev. W. C. Covert: I will read by request the Twenty-third Psalm. Mr. Jones bade me not say much about it, but there is a sweet memory behind this. In her last days Mrs. Jones asked for this Psalm in the midst of her pain, and it seemed to bring balm, healing and rest. He said it, they all said it together, and I wonder if, in the midst of this fellowship service, we might not all, in memory of that tender occasion, repeat together this blessed portion of the Scripture.

The Twenty-third Psalm was recited in unison.

Prayer: Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, from whom all life comes; in thee we live and move and have our being. We thank thee for these gracious hints of the harvesting, which lie about us here on this platform. We thank thee for the golden grain; we thank thee for the ripening, the fruiting time of Nature. Thou great Author, we bless Thee for the ripening moment that comes in the human life; we bless Thee for the harvesting time in our career; for the golden grain is made for keeping in the treasure houses of eternity.

We ask Thy blessing to rest upon our good friend who is here this afternoon. We thank Thee that his heart is strong, that his faith is unwavering, and that he offers us an example of Christian courage and virtue, under this great burden. For every virtue that lived in her beautiful life, for every trait and quality that lay in her heart, we give Thee thanks, and pray Thee to let these people where she lived and was so loved, and whom she loved so warmly, erect in their hearts and lives memorials to her, by gripping fast and hard and continuously these virtues that lived in her and these traits of beautiful life and character that she bore.

Abide with us, we pray Thee. Bless these friends who have gathered here to speak for us. Give them the right word, fill their hearts with comfort and strength; let them speak out of full hearts to us, and all we ask is in the name of the great Comforter. Amen.

The Chairman: There are many people in All Souls Church, many people in Chicago, who can speak from the fullness of their recollection of Mrs. Jones, but I know of no one who can say more or who knew her better than Mrs. Dean Bangs. Her letter will be read by Mrs. George F. Shears.

LETTER OF MRS. DEAN BANGS

It was my privilege to first meet Mrs. Jones at the gatherings of the Western Conference, some thirty-five years ago, where I was much impressed with her executive ability and her devotion to the principles for which the Conference stood,—her willingness to spend and be spent in its service,—and for her to know her duty, was to *do* it; and I trust there are a few among us who remember the debt we owe with loyalty and gratitude even now. When the time and need came for building up the little "All Souls" parish, with its many-sided and various problems, she brought the same untiring energy and helpfulness to the solving of them, and she never failed us in any crisis or emergency. The little house on Thirty-seventh Street was always open for that purpose and many others. There were the Bible Class, the Reading Club, meeting of the Sunday-school teachers, the Children's Festivals, the monthly sociables, down to the calls even of the builders and contractors, and I often wondered at the unfailing patience and kindness with which she received them all, for it must have been a trial, with all her nice housekeeping instincts. She was also called upon to take the place of the Leader and Reader of the Classes and Clubs when he was called away, an office which she filled to our great satisfaction and enjoyment. I am more indebted to her for my knowledge of Lowell's poems than to any one else, and I often used to think that the minister might be very thankful for the "other part" of him,—such an efficient co-worker. At the Easter and Harvest Festivals, how the fruits and vegetables grouped themselves in order and beauty under her artistic touches,—and there never was an "Altar" where the "Word" was preached that there were not silent witnesses of her beautiful ministrations from the "lips of voiceless flowers," and the little home above the church always beautified with them. How glad we all were when she could have this home, with its rest and privacy, and she was so attached to it. And now *both* are gone from our sight,—after many years of worship in the one and of happy neighborly friendship with her,—for us only *memory* of her "fruition." "For I am persuaded that neither life nor death, things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall separate her from the 'Home' that is sure and abiding."

SINGING BY MISS JENNIE JOHNSON

O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.
Alleluia!

All souls are thine, and here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Alleluia!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just:
Above the requiem "dust to dust"
Shall rise our psalm of gratefnl trust.
Alleluia!

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed!
Living or dying they are blest.
Alleluia!
—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

The Chairman: Another friend of Mrs. Jones, of long standing, is Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, of the Frederick Douglas Center, who will address us.

ADDRESS BY MRS. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

It was a little more than thirty-five years ago, in the Centennial year of 1876, that Dr. Woolley and I moved from our home in Michigan to Chicago. We took up our residence on the West Side, having friends in that locality, and wishing to attend the Third Unitarian Church, where Rev. E. P. Powell, whom we also knew slightly, was preaching. We joined the church soon after our arrival. It was during the same year that I met Mr. Jones, I believe at the Colegrove Book Rooms on Washington Street. He invited me to attend the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, to be held in Janesville, where he was serving as pastor in the Unitarian Church. I was a guest at the parsonage, where I for the first time met Mrs. Jones, the friend in whose memory we are assembled today. Richard was just out of babyhood, in kilts and long curls, Mary a year or two older, his womanly little monitor and guide.

Having been a diligent reader of the liberal religious press for many years, my only means of instruction in the faith of my choice in the little orthodox town we had left, certain names and images had become deeply impressed upon my mind and seemed like living friends long before I met any of the originals. Some of these names were ranged around the banner of Free Religion: O. B. Frothingham, William J. Potter, Francis E. Abbott, Ednah D. Cheney, Anna Garlin Spencer, John W. Chadwick. These were from and of the East. Closely allied to these in the spirit was a small band of devout, high-hearted men in the Middle West, grouped around Chicago and working through the Western Unitarian Conference. There was William C. Gannett, our poet-preacher, prophet—some say "saint,"—but why borrow Heaven's livery to deck out those qualities of simple and tried human worth found here on our unfinished but improving earth?

All of this band were of the prophetic order. There was Hosmer, with his lyric wand, beating the dear and touching measures of some new hymn:

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,
It is the thought of God.

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

There was Blake, chief author and compiler of Unity hymns and Chorals and Unity Festivals, service books voicing the simple faith of natural religion; Learned, the Nestor of the group, "the wisest man of us all," Mr. Jones used to say, H. M. Simmons, author of "The Unending Genesis," another beloved classic on every liberal book shelf, and lastly the same Mr. Jones, the official head of the conference, soon removing to Chicago, to give his entire time to con-

tinuing the larger pastorate of the general field

There were women in this little company, Frances Roberts and Ellen T. Leonard, long ago entered into that larger inheritance, which lives of such faithful, unassuming service must somewhere win. There was the ordained sisterhood that made up our women ministry, a working force of finest spiritual quality and practical worth: Mary Safford, Elinor Gordon, Caroline Bartlett, Ida C. Hultin and Marion Murdoch. As well known as these whose work was done in more public fashion, was Susan C. Lloyd Jones.

Mr. Jones was the secretary and preacher, Mrs. Jones his constant and most serviceable aid, his companion in arms, with as valiant a spirit as his, yoke-fellow in the cause of religious freedom, fellowship and character. Mrs. Jones brought to her work not only natural gifts and liking, but special training, acquired as Secretary of Professor Huidekoper, in Meadville, where Mr. Jones met her, and where they were married. Courage and efficiency were our friend's leading traits. She was pre-eminently practical. She was wife, mother, housekeeper, private secretary, amanuensis, general counselor and aid in these, her younger and busier days. This was before the day of the typewriter, and some of us well recall the clear, round hand, legible as print, which made easy reading of the sermon manuscripts, and when printed, brought unexpected joy to the heart of the compositor. The range of household utensils in our friend's home, included, besides workbasket, a sewing machine and the kitchen pots and pans, a box of tools. When a chair broke or a new shelf was needed for the ever-increasing store of books, it was often easier to do it herself, and good fun, than send for the carpenter.

These early labors of Mrs. Jones were carried on in no mere mechanical fashion. She was herself a keen and capable thinker on the great themes of duty, faith, religion and life, which were as vital to her as to her preacher-husband, and which her swift-moving pen discussed, following the dictated sentences. It is quite probable that she stopped now and then to alter or amend, to suggest and offer a word of her own praise or caution, perhaps of wifely remonstrance, as why should she not? We know the writer of the sermons frequently and generously acknowledged benefits thus gained.

Those were busy and happy days, as our working days are, when strength to work is still ours and a good cause stands ready. But they were also many times, days of hardship and trial, of pecuniary strain and pioneer struggle. Both the man and his mate had the pioneer temperament, strength of will, noble disregard of all superfluous things, common trust in "the cost of an idea," one of the preacher's earlier topics.

Mrs. Jones was quite devoid of mere femininities. What fashion dictated or worldly prudence counseled, was of no interest to her. She held to a few leading principles and ideas and found her reward in an undisturbed conscience and a self-dependence that was not vanity, but found its springs in a knowledge of her own nature and the laws creating and sustaining it. Her convictions were strong and absolute, and all forms of compromise were hateful to her.

Failing health compelled her to give up the work which was a pride and happiness to her. She was not a public woman in the modern sense of the term, though before the era of confirmed invalidism set in, she took part with written essay and discussion in the meetings of a few clubs. She was a member of the Chicago Woman's Club, joining the Home Department, to which she contributed two or three papers.

She was a great sufferer for many years from acute and chronic troubles that often rendered her helpless and kept her imprisoned in her darkened chamber. Some of us remember the blinding headaches which unfitted her for active work and service from time to time in her younger, stronger days. And now she has "gone," we say. We talk of "the mystery of death." I wonder often if, with our age-long fears, our sorry inheritance of dead beliefs, which still keep superstitious hold of us, the intellectual doubts of a later age, which we so assiduously cultivate,—I wonder if, so handicapped, we ourselves do not far more to make and perpetuate this mystery than Nature does. Death is here, it is always with us, it should have demonstrated itself by this time, as integral a part of the natural order as birth, its everlasting analogue. Nowhere do we, I make bold to say, show our impiety, our moral infidelity so plainly as in our shallow, undisciplined ways of talking about death. The tone of mere egotistic complaint, of personal afflictions and resentment in which most of us voice our feelings on this great subject, arouse a sense of painful, moral shock and bewilderment. Do we ever stop to think what life would be without death? What the natural landscape or the painting portraying it would be without a hint or line of shadow, all bright, stark, staring sunshine; what laughter would be without the balancing gift of tears, a satyr's hollow, heartless mirth; what faith would mean that has never climbed the thorny path of question and doubt, a visionary's dream?

Nothing is more needed than that we try to think about this sure, coming event on some higher plane of feeling and,—yes, of scientific fact, than we have yet reached. Death is indeed a friend, as we have been taught from this pulpit, closest friend, only a friend. What so ennobles life in the large, and confirms the sense of intelligent purpose as the memory of the great souls wreathed in tradition and historic tale? What so sanctifies life on the personal side as the remembrance of our own dead, who in a very real and authentic sense have never died, can never die?

It is not any mere belief in immortality that supports us here, but that kind of trust, gathered in the study of natural law and an advancing human ideal. Let us in simple acknowledgment of what has been, of what we have received in all the felicities of love and friendship which we have experienced, try to grow more trustful of the general scheme of things which has conferred on us that much blessing and reward. Let us sink the plummet of faith and gratitude a little deeper into our personal and common consciousness of good—good tested and attained, more good to come of which we dream and on which we build, complete good some day to be fully revealed in

* * * That far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

The Chairman: Eminently qualified to speak of the early days, is our next speaker, who has grown up from early boyhood to full manhood in All Souls Church.

ADDRESS BY SUMNER SOLLITT, MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Dear Friends: It is with pride that I look back to my childhood and early youth and find that Mrs. Jones filled so great a part in my Sunday-school and church experiences. I must say, however, that my memories of her are not as of a teacher, but of one who knew how to make the atmosphere of the church pleasant for children, a place where it was a pleasure to attend, and where outside of our classes, the entertainment of a social character was well worth while.

Away back in the '80s, those of us who were children then, remember the Christmas entertainment at the old Vincennes Hall, where we were drilled and rehearsed by Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Colt, Mrs. Perkins, and Mrs. Leonard,—all now gone,—and by Miss Ogden, Mrs. Marean and Mrs. Kelly and others, who are still with us. As we put all of these names together, and those of the others that they call to memory as their successors, it is easy to see how much they have contributed to Mr. Jones' success. Then, and in later years, it was almost an education for us young ones to hear Mrs. Jones tell of her childhood, back in Pennsylvania,—always in such a quaint and wholesome manner, that we could see it all come before us very vividly.

She was always active in the decoration of the church for the different festivals, Christmas, Easter, Flower Sunday and Harvest Sunday, and instead of being an arduous duty, it was a pleasure to look forward to spending a busy evening, putting up wreaths and evergreens, pumpkins, apples and flowers for those different occasions. The boys who were the church ushers in my time,—and it was for a good many years,—will all remember Mrs. Jones coming down to her seat on Sunday mornings for the service. It was then that we could relax a little, and Richard Jones, Will Colt, Harry Bangs, the Dreier boys, myself and the others might retire, either to the room off the Library, or to the basement, and discuss quietly for an hour or so more important things than the sermon. It was not safe to do it earlier, or we might expect a motherly woman to come down, and, with a few remarks, make it seem much more dignified for us to take our places upstairs.

I cannot remember, in any single instance, that Mrs. Jones ever made us young ones feel like the nuisances we must have been at times, nor that she ever hurt our young feelings with a sharp reprimand. We will remember her always as a large woman, a whole-souled woman, and, like my mother, a good and womanly woman.

SINGING BY MISS JOHNSON

Clear in memory's silent reaches
  Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sunlit spaces
  Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
  To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
  Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

Yet, O well I can remember
  Once I called my pastures, Pain;
And the waters were a torrent,
  Sweeping through my life amain:
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
  Brightness of all happy thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
  From my faces that are naught.

Naught? I fear not! If the Power
  Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
  Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
  Loseth none he ever led:
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
  On the faces of my dead!

—*William C. Gannett.*

The Chairman: I have been asked to read the following letter in relation to Mrs. Jones' early life in this great city:

LETTER FROM MR. S. W. LAMSON

I will add a word in retrospection of her early life in this great city, and desire to say:—

First, Mrs. Jones was very near and dear to us all in those early days of her husband's pastorate; we were all pioneers together and working for a single purpose; the success of one meant the success of all, and, as we believed, the betterment of the world. Through all of those earlier years Mrs. Jones was particularly hopeful and helpful; her door was always open to any and every committee, and I cannot now remember of her ever indicating by word or act that we had lingered beyond our welcome, and her hospitality did not end with a chair by the fire. We were many times called to join her family in the evening meal, a real evening meal, inspired by her heart and worked out by her own tired hands; and today, perhaps, better than ever before, do I realize that those were the days that grow dearer as the swiftly moving years pass on.

But, my dear friends, I was only asked for a word, but words run into lines and lines into pages, and the last word has not yet been said, but the last opportunity for a kindly deed to her whom we loved is past. Now let us help each other to so live, that our opportunities will not be turned to regrets, and that when our time shall come to sleep, we may smile while all around shall weep.

The Chairman: One who is always with us, whether he is here in Chicago or far away, is Mr. William Kent.

ADDRESS BY MR. WILLIAM KENT

As we sit here, assembled to do tribute to our old friend, the thought that comes to me most of all is that Mrs. Jones had the pioneer spirit. She and Mr. Jones got themselves a prairie schooner and started across the plains and along the high-road that leads to human progress, freedom of thought and better human conditions. The way had to be blazed by such pioneers as these. It required more courage in a woman than in a man; it couldn't have been a cheerful outlook that Mrs. Jones faced; she had certainly the heavier end of the burden. How well she carried her part of that load, you all know.

Far down the road,—or rather far up the road,—these people traveled together. Their lives have meant a great deal to those coming after them, as

all pioneer effort redounds to the benefit of those that follow. A woman with the pioneer spirit and with the real courage which such pioneering meant, has little time for furbelows, has little time for what Mrs. Woolley calls "femininity." Mrs. Jones certainly realized the responsibility of being a human being. She realized the necessity of courage, economy and industry. She was the type of woman that every man can be proud to look to as that of his mother.

I don't know how to express our sympathy for our friends in their sorrow for their nearest and dearest. I suppose the mere fact of our being here, showing our wish to exhibit friendliness and human sympathy, is the most we can do. They know the enduring qualities of this woman better than we do, but I believe it must mean something to them that we are here to extend our hands in the time of this great human trouble, which has come and will come to us all, and to us it means that in our day of trouble, we have always found comfort and human sympathy in Mrs. Jones and in members of her family.

The Chairman: Mrs. Kelly was one of the few representatives of this church who were able to be present at the funeral services in Wisconsin which she stenographically reported. You will be glad to learn from her something of that touching occasion.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

My introduction to these words was also the occasion of my introduction to Mrs. Jones, many years ago, twenty-five at least. A friend had asked me to join a little circle who were studying Browning over at Vincennes Hall. It was a very stormy night, and as we entered the room, I noticed a lady sitting by the big stove, drying her soaking clothing.

A companion was bewailing the wet shoes and fearful of consequences. The steaming lady looked up with one of those quizzical glances I learned to know so well later, and responded with the above quotation.

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

I asked my friend who the lady of the cheery philosophy was, and learned she was Mrs. Jones. A week ago yesterday noon, a few All Souls Church friends of Mrs. Jones sat in the little chapel which is the heart of the Hillside Valley, the old and beloved home of the Lloyd Jones family in Wisconsin. Outside, the sun was shining on the gentle slopes of the surrounding hills, those hills which have brought peace to so many lifted eyes blinded with tears, help to so many sorrowing and harassed souls. Inside, the same sun touched exquisite flowers with added beauty, and made more tender the faces of brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews and old friends. And above the voices of the young folks as they sang, "Abide with Me," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and beneath the noble words uttered by the Rev. F. A. Gilmore, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Madison, Wis., there beat insistently upon the consciousness of one listener at least, as clearly as though spoken in the voice of the silent friend lying so peacefully before us, those words,

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Most of you here who were personal friends of Mrs. Jones, know that she was taken ill on the short journey between Tower Hill, her much-loved summer home, and Madison, where she was to visit her son and then come on to Chicago. Within a short time after reaching Madison, appendicitis developed so rapidly that she was hurred to a hospital in that city and operated upon. Of the alternation of hopes and fears, the long strain of the weeks that followed, it is not necessary to speak, except to say that that strain and anxiety of those near and dear, were shared by many, many sympathizing friends in Chicago. The blessed relief came Thursday, October 26, and on the morning of Saturday, October 28, Mr. Jones with Mary and Richard, and Mrs. Sackett, Mrs. Jones' sister, accompanied by a small group of All Souls folk, with several Madison friends, took the train for Spring Green, a distance of thirty-five miles, where we were met and conveyed over the intervening three miles of beautiful river-bottom road to the chapel at Hillside.

Here, after the brief exercises in the chapel, we laid our friend to rest in the little cemetery wearing the greenness and beauty of June, near the graves of Uncle Thomas, Uncle John, Aunt Mary, and Aunt Esther, and close by the foot-stones bearing the Welsh legends, "Ein Mam," and "Ein Tad," ("Our Mother" and "Our Father.")

Then we visiting friends were taken into the homes of the good sisters and brothers, and taken care of until time to return to Spring Green for the afternoon train, reaching Madison at nightfall, and so home to Chicago, early Sunday morning.

It so happened that owing to stress of weather, ill-health and other causes, there was but a handful from All Souls Church present at Mrs. Jones' funeral, and I have given you these few details because I am sure some of you are interested. I had also the privilege of recording the inspiring words of Mr. Gilmore on that occasion, and I believe you will be glad to hear them repeated, together with his prayer, than which no more fitting words could be used to close these commemorative exercises. Among the Scriptures, old and new read in opening, was this gem of Whittier's:

But still I wait with ear and eye
  For something gone which should be nigh.
A loss in all familiar things,
  In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
  Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
  What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
  Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while, in life's late afternoon,
  Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
  Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
  Since near, at need, the angels are;
And, when the sunset gates unbar,
  Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
  The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Mr. Gilmore then spoke as follows:

FUNERAL ADDRESS BY MR. GILMORE

Scientific men tell us of that incomprehensible substance, ether, the ether out of which all things have been formed. They tell us that the properties

of this ether are most remarkable, almost incomprehensible. They tell us that it is something that is perfectly elastic and at the same time is more rigid than the hardest steel. It is at once completely fluid, and yet possessing perfect firmness.

These contradictory properties suggest to my mind the qualities of womanhood, that is, of the highly evolved and experienced woman, who represents the highest type of the feminine portion of our race. She has characteristics that appear inconsistent, even contradictory, and yet they do combine, they do exist within the unity and the harmony of a distinct personality. She is very soft, and yet very firm; yielding at times like water, at times hard and impenetrable like granite. At times she is warm with gentle affection, and warms all that come within her reach; at other times stern, chilly as ice.

Now, this combination of hardness and softness, of pliancy aand firmness is peculiarly feminine in the best and highest sense of the word; and these qualities as they exist in the nature, are drawn out on occasion. Not by impulse, not haphazard, but on good ground and for the best reasons. The key to a good woman's life, is always the moral key. Her whole nature is attuned to morality; she is soft, sweet and yielding to whatsoever is good; she is hard and unyielding to whatsoever is not good. She shows her gracious side to all noble things and to all noble-minded people. She shows the other side of her nature to all hypocrites, to all evil doers; and I think she does this as a woman more instinctively and more quickly than a man does, because she is so highly endowed and so morally sensitive. Now, this is the peculiar service, the peculiar good which a high-minded, a pure and loving woman renders. She perceives whatever is lovely in nature, in literature, and in the characters of those about her; like a sensitive magnetic needle, she swings away from wrong and in the direction of right. Thus she is the strongest ethical influence and ethical light that ever comes into our lives. After we have known such a nature, have been magnetized by contact with it, we carry the result through our lives.

I have thought that such was and is dear Mrs. Jones. It is my impression of her that she was well endowed in body, in mind and spirit, and of very quick moral susceptibility; she displayed this double aspect of her character, the two sides of her nature, and always the key to it was the moral key,—what was right, what was wrong?

She could be most loving, most warm, most devoted. She could also be stern, even repellant; she could speak softly at times, and again her voice would vibrate with indignation; she could praise warmly and reprove sharply; she could say Yes, gently, and she could say No, with dignity. These are not contradictory, but the consistent expression of the unity of a deep, pure, strong nature.

Of the other qualities,—the affections, the spiritual aspects of her life, which you knew so well in her as mother, wife, sister and dear one, they are really too precious for words, they are deep, permanent possessions in your hearts, spiritual and immortal treasures.

Let us bow our heads and come with confidence into that spiritual Presence, where at last all is safety, all is health, all is joy."

Mr. Gilmore's prayer was as follows:

Our Father, we do thank Thee that Thou dost bend to us just at the time when we need thee most; just at the time when it is dark, then the light of Thy face looks through the clouds; just at the time when it seems as though our hearts would break, then a strong arm is thrown around us, and we feel the beating of God's heart, and lay our burdened, weary heads upon the bosom of our Father.

Oh God, we thank Thee for all the past has brought to us and has left with us; all the influences, all the kindnesses, all the hours and days and nights of devotion and loving, mutual service, which is, as we believe, eternal in its character. We thank Thee, our Father, for those treasures which are ours and will forever be ours.

We pray that the spirit of God in its purity and in its strength and in its fullness of grace may descend and touch and enter into these sorrowing hearts. The clasp of human hands is good; words of sympathy from human lips are indeed helpful; but nothing can reach the core, the center, nothing can bring us confidence, reconciliation of spirit, real light, but the Holy Spirit itself, and for that we pray.

Our Father, we do thank Thee that we are not afraid of death; we are not afraid of the future. We do thank Thee that death seems to us to have nothing horrible about it, but to be the emancipation and the release of the worn spirit, and we are glad that in this faith we can lay away this body as a worn-out and useless garment, because the soul has ascended and entered into the region of life.

And finally, our Father, as we turn away our thoughts from her whom we have loved and loved so truly, we think of her as perfectly safe. She is with her Father in her Father's house; there she has met her father and mother, her own kindred and dear ones who have preceded her and made all things ready; she is not in a foreign or strange place, but stands there hand in hand with her kindred, safe, oh, so safe in the Father's house.

And now, our Father, we pray for ourselves, that Thou wilt teach us how to live, and teach us how to die; and because we have stood in this solemn presence, may we go back, every one to our work, our duty, with a deeper, more sincere consecration to the great ends of our existence, and so help us to live in this world that in the world to come we may be worthy of the life everlasting. Amen.

SINGING—THE CONGREGATION JOINING

Father, let thy blessing
Touch us, and remain,
Guiding all our actions
Till we meet again.

Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature,—
All belong to thee.

Unto all thy children,
Here and everywhere,
Father, give the comfort
Of thy loving care.

—*A. A. Ogden.*

Benediction by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch

"Zekher Zaddik Libhrakhah." "The memory of the righteous is a never-failing wellspring of blessing." Thankful for the lessons and the inspiration of the life risen to the mountain of wider vision, we humbly pray that the blessing of her memory rest upon us. She who walked with God and now is no more with us in the body, still keeps ablaze the sacred fires on our love's altar. May God who blessed her and kept her, also bless us. May he whose countenance of love shone out upon her, send forth His light to pierce the gloom of loneliness which mayhap enwraps our sorrowing hearts. May God's grace that abounded with her, abide with us. May he who lifted up his countenance of love over her, and led her on the upward path of peace, illumine our ways and vouchsafe us strength to walk on toward peace. Those who had risen to God's glory, departing this fitful life, the old Hebrew benediction would speed with the prayer, "Go ye in peace." The living he would send on their errand and to their duty with the wish, "Go ye toward peace." We rejoice in the peace that she has found. May God who giveth and taketh away, point for us the way toward that peace which passeth all understanding, that the night of our weeping be changed into the gladder day of love and hope and faith, chastened and deepened by the dear memory of her whose name more precious than oil, shall speak to us of the blessings that cannot pass away, for not of dust and not unto dust are they who lead many unto righteousness. They shine on forever in the firmament set aglow with God's love and his peace. Of their portion be also our lines. Amen.

An Appreciation

A life of most faithful endeavor on earth ended when Susan Charlotte Lloyd Jones, the wife of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, died in the Madison hospital on Thursday, last week. She went to Wisconsin from Meadville, Pennsylvania, where there is a Divinity School for Unitarian ministers. To this school, back in the '60s, the war being over, a young Wisconsin soldier drifted, seeking the education that might continue him in human service. By the time he was ready, she too was ready, trained as few women are trained for efficient comradeship as a minister's wife; and they went forth together. First, to little Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago; then to larger and busier Janesville; then whither all roads in the west lead, to Chicago. This last move was made thirty-one years ago. As the years went by in Chicago, the upper halls where the Sunday service began were exchanged for a building of queer device, designed by themselves, combining church and parsonage under one roof; and finally, with the increasing success, rose the present stately "Abraham Lincoln Centre," in which All Souls Church is housed on Oakwood boulevard,—one of the largest, best equipped and most useful powerhouses of the Spirit in that great city.

Throughout this ascent to wider and wider horizons of ministry the two planned and toiled side by side with equal self-consecration. Lavish self-spending filled out the economy needed and practised in all other ways. In the early days she went without gowns to buy the necessary books, and rocked the cradle with her foot while taking the dictation of the preacher. Even in Chicago the salary was long "what was left" after the other expenses of the young church were covered; but somehow in her hands it served for free hospitality as well as for home-wants. For many years the secretary-side of all the varied activity—the care of correspondence, the parish archives, the book-shelves—without which in these crowded days it is almost impossible for a minister to work successfully on long and radiating lines, was attended to by her with wonderful system, intellect and skill. At need she could write a paper, lecture or tract; at need go into the pulpit and preach, as she often did; while, as mother and home-maker, she left her husband's time almost free for the more public work. She supplied elements without which his work would have differed materially both in volume and quality.

Outside of the home, friends will remember her best for such qualities as common-sense, brave sincerity, truthfulness in thought and speech and act; and with these, an assured, solid, practical kindliness of heart and face and hands. It was a combination that made her the most efficient and loyal friend. Those who came nearest to her reached a deep tenderness underlying all this. She loved the best things in personality and literature; and her life illustrated the high ethics she loved. In Emerson's phrase, she was one of the "real people, dwelling with the real, face to face, undaunted."

In later life she had to bear through long years the consciousness of ebbing strength,—the last test of enduring character. At the close of a happy summer at Tower Hill, around which lie the homesteads of the Lloyd Joneses, she visited her son in Madison. Soon there came suffering,—a hurried trip to the hospital,—a struggle to recover from the operation, —and then the release. Earth has been better for her life-work upon it; she leaves a remembrance of honor and love; and whatever it be that she faces now, she is facing it—this much we know—trustfully, bravely, and in a spirit of high, unselfish endeavor.—*William C. Gannett, Wisconsin State Journal.*

A Word of Sympathy

We beg to lay a wreath on the fresh mound beneath which sleeps what was mortal in the noble consort of our dear friend, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The sympathy of every reader of the *Reform-Advocate,* yea of every Jew in this and many other cities, goes out in rich measure to this sturdy battler for truth and righteousness in his great sorrow. In thought with him we kept the long and prayerful vigil at the bedside, hoping against hope that the patient sufferer might be spared unto him and us. And now that the end has come, we ask the privilege to mingle our tears with his. Few among the tens of thousands that have learned to look up to him and to love his message, enjoyed the prerogative of even a passing acquaintance with her who has entered into rest. But they who had the good fortune to know her, will not forget her. In her came to personality the virtues ascribed to the woman of parts immortalized in the Biblical book of Proverbs. When welcoming the Sabbath, as is well known, the

husband in old Jewry would chant this tribute to wifehood and womanhood. He felt that to his wife, to the queen of his household, he was beholden for that strength and courage that had sustained him to do the wearing work of the week. Into Sabbath rest has entered our beloved companion's faithful consort. Well may he chant the old alphabetical poem in laudation of her womanly power. We hope that the song will fill his soul with sweet balm. Many weep with him for her who has gone to the higher home. He who has consoled and counseled so many, who has sustained so many tottering steps, now that the burden is laid on him, will not falter. But the thought that many share his loss may lighten the load. Death has no sting and the grave no victory, when life worthily lived ebbs out into the Ocean of Eternity. Our friend need not be told this; and yet to tell it we deemed the best expression of our and our readers' condolence with him. As for her, who has risen to the heights, we know the old Jewish prayer is certain of favorable answer: Tehi Naphshah Zerurah bizror Ha' hayim; her soul be treasured in true life's keeping!—*Emil G. Hirsch in The Reform Advocate.*

Charles W. Eliot

Dr. Eliot, so long the president of Harvard University, is just setting out on a journey around the world. Sailing from New York on November 6, he goes by the Mediterranean route and the Suez Canal direct to India, where he is to spend seven weeks, from December 3 until January 26, and then pass on to China. His prospective absence from this country for many months suggests a glance at his distinguished career.

As will be remembered, one of the first acts of President Taft, after entering upon his duties as chief magistrate of the nation, was to offer Dr. Eliot —at that time just retiring from the leadership of Harvard—the high office of Embassador to Great Britain. The offer was greeted with general approval throughout the land, it being the almost universal feeling that Dr. Eliot was the one man in the nation best fitted to fill this honorable and responsible position. The regret was deep and widespread, both in America and in Great Britain, when it was learned that he had declined the appointment. However, his refusal to go to the Court of St. James as the representative of his country, did not mean that his country would lose his service. He simply elected to serve at home instead of abroad, and indeed it would be difficult to point out any other American, who is steadily and all the while rendering to his nation more valuable or more honored service, by voice and by pen, as a leader, not only in matters educational, but in everything pertaining to the nation's higher life, than Dr. Eliot.

Dr. Eliot's presidency of Harvard continued just forty years, until his resignation, something over two years ago. This means that he was chosen to that important position very young,—at the early age of thirty-five.

He was born in Boston, his father having been mayor of that city, and a member of Congress. His education was received in the schools of Boston, in Harvard College, and in Europe. His special training was in chemistry, in which he made himself a master and an authority. His first teaching was done as a tutor in mathematics at Harvard, then as assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry at Harvard, and later as professor of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston. After four years of very successful work there, he was chosen to the position which he filled so long and with such distinction.

Nearly all the preceding presidents of Harvard had been men of distinction, generally of literary distinction, and far along in years. It was a great innovation to chose one who was so young, who was practically unknown to the world, and whose special training and work had been those of a scientist.

A friend of the college, who feared that he had not sufficient maturity, said warningly to the Board of Overseers, when they were considering whether or not they should elect him to so responsible a position: "Remember he is a very young man; he will live long enough to leave momentous effects upon the history of the institution. You should be doubly sure that you are getting the right man." But they knew his quality, and the bold step which they took has been abundantly justified.

Harvard College was established in 1636, only sixteen years after the first settlement of New England by the English. A very large number of the most distinguished men of the United States, in all departments of public life, have received their education within its walls. Its growth, during Dr. Eliot's presidency, was remarkable. When he entered his office, there were hardly more than 1,000 students, with a faculty of instruction numbering 58, and invested funds amounting to about $2,250,000. Now the students number more than 5,000, distributed among the various departments as follows: Undergraduate School of Arts and Sciences, 2,217; Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, 463; Graduate School of Business Administration, 72; Divinity School, 52; Law School, 802; Medical School, 278; Dental School, 116; University Extension, including Summer School, 1,106. The Faculty of instruction now numbers 634, and the invested funds of the University now reach the great sum of $23,000,000.

Soon after President Eliot entered upon his office, it began to be rumored that new methods, revolutionary methods, were afoot, such as caused the quiet, staid, old-fashioned conservatives upon the Faculty, to shake their heads doubtfully, if not ominously. "How is it," they began to ask, "that we have been going on in the same orderly and approved paths for two or three centuries, and now, within three or four months, this young man proposes to disturb everything, and change all our methods?"

In 1870, a year after the new president began his work, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a professor in the Medical School, wrote, "King Log has made room for King Stork. Mr. Eliot makes the Governing Corporation meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to all the meetings of the Faculty, and keeps us up until 11 or 12 o'clock at night, discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the University. We are some of us

disposed to think him perhaps a little too much in a hurry." A year later still, Dr. Holmes wrote again, "Our president has turned the whole University over like a cake. There never was such a bouleversement as that in our medical faculty . . . . It is so curious to see a young man like Eliot with an organized brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the reins of our classical coach-and-four, feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers, and touching that one with the lash; turning up everywhere, in every faculty, on every public occasion, at every dinner, and taking it all as if he had been born a president."

In truth, all this was not quite so strange as it looked at first sight, for it should be stated that the new president was not acting blindly in his reforms. As a fact, while pursuing his studies in Chemistry in Europe, during the years 1863 to 1865, he had devoted much time to the investigation of educational systems and methods, and therefore had become possessed of a wide and solid basis of knowledge on which to build his later plans for educational improvements at Harvard.

But even more important than his knowledge, was his ability, his natural fitness for large administrative work. As Dr. Holmes suggested, he had been "born a president." He had been endowed with extraordinary organizing and executive talent, —with that highest administrative quality which enables its possessor to grasp every scheme, no matter how large it may be, in its entirety, and at the same time in its most minute details. Boldness, carefulness, efficiency and economy, have all been combined in his administration. It has been well said of him that "his gift for leadership, his discrimination in the choice of men, and his power to conceive and execute great plans, have made him the most conspicuous figure during the last forty years, in the field of American Education."

His reorganization of the institution at whose head he was placed, was thorough, extending throughout all its departments. He introduced new methods of instruction. He set out to obtain the best teachers that could be found in the country, and to this end, secured the payment of higher salaries. He planned new, larger, and better furnished laboratories, and museums and buildings. He called for larger financial resources. He was one of the earliest and strongest advocates of the elective system, that is, a system which gives to courses of study much greater variety and elasticity than was formerly permitted. He constantly encouraged advanced or graduate (post-graduate) study, and built up a large graduate department in the University. He labored to promote the highest standards of education, insisting that a degree obtained at Harvard, must be made to rank as high, must mean as thorough scholarship, as good work done and as much of it, as a corresponding degree granted by any university in the world.

At the same time, he equally insisted that Harvard must be thoroughlty democratic in its education, giving as cordial welcome, and furnishing as full and complete facilities for culture and training to the poor as to the rich, to the black as to the white. Thus, while the University includes among its students, the sons of many of the richest men of the country, it includes many others who pay their way partly or wholly by their own earnings, and it is seldom or never without negro students in its classes, who are treated with the same consideration by their teachers and by the University officials as sons of millionaires, or of men holding the highest public positions in the nation.

It is interesting to notice that many students from foreign countries come to Harvard. A considerable number of the men who are now occupying distinguished positions in the government, the colleges and universities, the army and the navy of Japan, are Harvard graduates. The same is true of a somewhat smaller number of the public men who are creating the New China.

With all the great service that Dr. Eliot has rendered to Harvard University, he has not confined his interest or his efforts to that institution; on the contrary, his services to education have been as wide as the nation. To an extraordinary degree, he has kept himself in touch with all the educational forces and interests and the leading educational men of the land. Thus he has made his influence felt powerfully in moulding the whole of American higher education, literary, scientific, technical, medical, law, sociological and even theological; nor has his influence stopped at advanced education, but has been felt almost as strongly in secondary and even primary education.

During the later years of his career too, he has taken a prominent and an increasing part in public affairs, entirely outside of the educational field. The improvement of municipal government in America, and the great and pressing questions connected with the relations of capital and labor, and the great movement for the abolition or limitation of wars by international arbitration, have especially engaged his attention. On these subjects few men have spoken or written with riper knowledge or greater weight of judgment. Of course, it was on account of the high place he holds as a leader of public thought in these and other directions, as well as his eminence as an educator, that he was urged by President Taft to become the representative of his country at the Court of St. James.

Besides having received honorary degrees from a number of leading universities, Dr. Eliot has been made a member of the Legion of Honor of France, and has been decorated by the Mikado of Japan with the order of the Rising Sun, and by the German Emperor with the Order of the Crown of Prussia.

He has delivered many noteworthy addresses, scientific and other, and is the author of a number of books, among which are the following: "A Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis," "A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry," "Annual Reports," as president of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909, "Educational Reform," "More Money for the Public Schools," "American Universities," "A Happy Life," "Four American Leaders," "Five Contributions to American Civilization," "The Future of Trade Unionism" and "Capitalism in a Democracy." The titles of these books show the range of his thought and his interests.

Dr. Eliot has been the personal friend and companion of many of the most distinguished literary men and women of America, as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Julia Ward Howe. It has

been said of him that in a sense, he is the sum of them all; that he combines in himself their wit and wisdom, their geniality, their broad and sane outlook upon life, their high character.

Five years ago, the Reverend Harold Rylett of England, published in the London Tribune, an article entitled, "Harvard and its Story," in which he said of Dr. Eliot: "You feel, when with him, that you are in the presence of a man who enjoys all the gifts of the gods. Alert, resourceful, intellectually rich, spiritually wholesome, he is the very ideal man to mould the character of young men. He is the genuine type of an American gentleman, free, genial in his manner, sincere, cultured from top to toe, and without the smallest particle of affectation. In some respects, he is the most distinguished man in the United States. That he has had enormous influence upon the best men in the nation, the present movement for clean government, growing in power every day, is ample proof."

Dr. George A. Gordon, the leading Congregationalist clergyman of Boston, thus speaks of Dr. Eliot: "A more distinguished friend and servant, the American people have never known. He is a militant spirit and something more. The central quality of his being is constant, courageous, dominating disinterestedness. He contends earnestly for the faith that is in him, but his contention is always pure and high. He lives where the winds carry no dust, where the storms refresh and strengthen, where shining ideals break in upon the tumult of existence with their guidance and their peace. Like every man who appears in behalf of a permament human interest with a new program, President Eliot has encountered opposition. This opposition has been widespread, determined, persistent, conscientious. Long ago, he prevailed over all radical opposition by his personal strength, and by the justice and humanity of his cause. His extraordinary term of public service has been marked by the steadily increasing confidence of the people."

Dr. Eliot is father of the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., the honored president of the American Unitarian Association. In religion, he (as well as his son) is a Unitarian, which means that he is broad and progressive in his views, and in sympathy with what is best in all religious faiths. In the Brahmo and Arya Somajes of India, he feels much interest and he has been specially commissioned by the American Unitarian Association to bear to the Somajes, and to other progressive theists of India, the fraternal greetings and good will of the Unitarians of America.

When Dr. Eliot reached his seventieth birthday a multitude of congratulations poured in upon him; and an address, in a handsome volume, with the signatures of 9,000 graduates of Harvard, was presented to him, Theodore Roosevelt heading the list of signers.

Three years ago, when Dr. Eliot was seventy-four ,the *New York Evening Post* said of him, "President Eliot is admittedly a remarkable man in many ways, but nothing has more impressed his friends of late than the way he preserves his health and strength. He has just returned home to Cambridge, after four weeks of steady traveling in the middle west, during which time he has made thirty-four public addresses, some of them of much importance and to large gatherings, and has attended twenty-four, more or less formal luncheons and public dinners. All this might well be trying to a man of seventy-five, and some of his friends feared that this trip might exhaust his precious strength. Instead of that, however, when he returned last Monday, he was in perfect health."

In addition to all his other services, President Eliot is showing the country how a man may carry enormous responsibilities and achieve great things all his life and yet arrive at his seventy-fifth year, neither a nervous invalid nor a dyspeptic, without a sign of old age, and as able to do hard mental work as at any time in his career.

I must not close without citing one more testimony. It shall be from the Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States. On the occasion of Dr. Eliot's laying down his great work at Harvard University, Ambassador Bryce delivered an address before the Harvard Club in Chicago, in which he said: "I have heard of a controversy in this country as to who is the most eminent man in the United States, and concerning him there seems to be a difference of opinion; but I have never heard of any controversy relating to the second greatest man in the United States, and he is Charles W. Eliot. He is great because of his wisdom, his courage, his sense of justice, and his friendship. I have known him for thirty-nine years, and he is the best friend I ever knew."

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Book Notes

From Putnam's I am in receipt of a remarkable books, entitled, "A Chinese Appeal to Christendom," concerning Christian missions, by Lin shao-Yang. This book is simply astonishing, because it has not been printed sooner. Perhaps, however, we have only got to that point in our religious conceit when we can listen to a little common sense from those who do not see with our eyes, or inherit our notions. The author gives us a book that we ought to study. He whacks us without pity, and tells us truths that will be hard to digest. He is not intolerant at all, but he begs of us to get rid of some of our intolerances. It hardly seems possible that Christianity shall become so thoroughly the victim of superstition, that the most enlightened people on earth send representatives to teach to heathen, "hell and the damnation of the heathen," and to insist on narrowest creed views of God's personality, including the duty of stopping work on Sunday and singing hymns that express bloodthirsty nonsense. And yet, this is exactly what has been done. Our missionary work in the broader, manlier phase of it has been superb; but it certainly has a pitiful side to it, intellectually and spiritually. It will not hurt you if this book shocks you a trifle, if it also makes you manlier to see the truth, to love human beings with all your heart, and makes you more ready, not to damn but to bless. The book has a magnificent index to it, and is printed in Mr. Putnam's fine style. In England it ran the gauntlet of the orthodox churchmen, and in this country it is very painful to those who know God as a hidden Deity but fail to apprehend him in this world.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

LATEST WAY MARK IN CHURCH ADVANCE

The programs of the great denominational gatherings show the awakening social consciousness within the churches. On three national occasions, held in close succession, the Congregationlists have afforded the latest evidence of this advance. Their newest national organization, the Congregational Brotherhood, signalized its fourth convention at Chicago with a social emphasis the more noteworthy for being laid not only in papers especially devoted to philanthopic effort but all along the line of discussion.

It was as strong in the presentation of such subjects as the Meaning of Membership in the Church, which was said to be "to make the teachings of Christ the practice of the world," as it was in handling the relation of the church to the problems of relief, industry, child labor, and vice. It was as marked in the appeal of Dr. Gunsaulus's sermon "for freedom, unity, and brotherhood" as in Owen R. Lovejoy's more concrete plea against child labor, strongly reinforced as the latter was by an effective child labor exhibit.

Departmental conferences vigorously threshed out such issues as Ideals of Labor, Conciliation in Labor Disputes, Community Interests, Constructive Philanthropy, and Political Responsibility. At a Sunday labor mass meeting the social interests of the convention culminated in two addresses, the first being John Mitchell's interpretation of Labor's Program for Industrial Justice. A listener writes of it:

"Sane and safe, in dead earnest and yet in complete self-command, giving evidence of his great progress in self-expression and public speech, he carried his audience with him throughout his effective plea."

The second was the incisive charge of Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School to do the will of God in the use of land and of natural resources, in the organization of industry, and in the wages and conditions of employment, in provision for home life. Taking laymen at their word to the effect that economics and politics are "their affairs and not the parson's," he said:

It is their affair, and if they will go down to their stores and their shops every day saying, "The will of God must be done here," every minister on God's green earth will gladly take his texts for the next ten years from the seventeenth chapter of John."

The Rev. Henry D. Atkinson, who a year ago was elected secretary for Labor and Social Service, was chosen secretary of the National Brotherhood and will continue also to maintain its social propaganda.

Sixty-five years ago, long before the other denominational agencies assumed a more social attitude, the American Missionary Association began its specialized work. From the beginning it devoted its work to the educational, industrial, and social uplift of the Negroes, Eskimos, mountain whites, American Indians, and lately even of the Porto Ricans and Hawaiians, in co-operation with the churches it has planted among these people. In its farm schools it has taught agriculture and shop work. In connection with its city schools it has established playgrounds, branches of the public library, and school lunches. In its colleges and universities it has raised up such institutions as Hampton, Tougaloo, Fiske University among the Negroes, and the Santee Normal Training School among the Indians.

The event of these Chicago meetings of the most dramatic significance was the appearance of Julius Rosenwald, the most prominent Jewish merchant of Chicago and the city's most generous giver, upon the platform of this Christian missionary association. The subject which he discussed was Race Prejudice. After declaring his belief that "nothing is being done which tends more to break down the barriers of race prejudice than the work for the Negro by this association," he uttered a ringing protest against race prejudice toward the Jew and the Negro.

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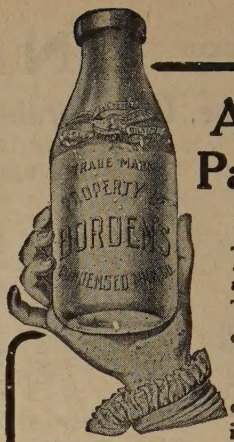

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